

he Riverman

Stewart **Edward White**

(Continued.)

Got the money?" he asked. Mave you?" countered Orde. The man nodded. "I'll go you, bub," ild he. "Lay out your money." Orde counted out nine fifty-dollar

"All right," said the gambler, taking

Hold on!" cried Orde. "Where's

"Oh, that's all right," the gambler ed him. "I'm with the house. McNell's credit is good."

"I'm putting up my good money, and I expect to see good money put up in, return," said Orde.

ally the gamblers yielded and put

he audience now consisted of the en of Orde's friends, nearly twice my rivermen, eight hangers-on the joint, probably fighters and " balf a dozen professional blers and several waitresses. The barkeepers still held their posi-The rivermen were scattered he of Orde, although Orde's own fingle had gathered at his shoulder. naries and gambiers had diand and danked the table at either Newmark, a growing wonder and discust creeping into his usually unexpressive face, recognized the stra-tecte off-gatings of this arrangement. A described push would separate rivermen from the gamblers long

th the small door at the back. asp of anticipation went up as the gambler made his passes. planted his great red fist on one

"That is the jack." he cried.

"Oh, is it?" sneered the dealer.

"Well, then it over and fet's see."

"No!" mared Orde. "You turn over the other two."

A low onth broke from the gambler, and his face contorted in a spasm. For mound the situation was tense and threatening. The dealer, with a aweeping giance, again searched the faces of those before him. In that woment probably he made up his mind that an open schudal must be avoided. Force and broken bones, even murder, might be all right enough under color of right. If Orde had inneed up for a jack the card on which he now held his fist and then had attempted to prove cheating a cry of robbery and a lively fight would have given opportunity for making way with the stakes. But McNelli's could not afford to be shown up beed and afford to be shown up bean open and shut brace game.

"It's the way I play it," replied orde sternly. "These gentlemen heard rously flipped over the other two "You see, neither of these is be jack. This must be."

L" said the gambler, "Show up

You win," assented the gamble Orde, his fist still on the third eard. pegun pockering the stakes with the

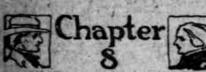
"Give me the other card," said be. . Orde picked it up, laughing. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, hold-ing the fift of justeliand tantalizingly o turn also this one face up. Then quite deliberately be handed the card to the cambler.

'All to the bar!" yelled Orde. Onle poured his drink on the floor and took the glass belonging to the

relet them to give you another. id be. "No knockout drops if

i cub help it."
"Tim." |said Orde, low voiced, "get be crowd together and we'll pull out. Fre a thousand dollars on me, and ber'll sandbag me sure if 1 go alone. and let's get out right off."





ACK ORDE was the youngest and st energetic of a large family that had long stuce scattered to diverse cities and industries. He dpa and Grandma Orde dwelt in the big, echoing, old fashioned se save for one maid. Grand-Orde, now above sixty, was tall, alght, slender. His hair was quite white and woru a little long. His features were finely chiseled. Grandpa de had been a mighty breaker of the ss, but his time had passed. nd he had fallen upon somewhat raitened ways. Grandina Orde, on e other hand, was a very small, ry old lady, with a small face, a sall figure, small bands and feet. he dressed in the then usual cup and ick silk of old indies. Half per time she spent at her housekeeping. ch she loved, jinging about from ar to attle storeroom, seeing that anda, the maid, had everything in

To these people Orde came direct nd the ferocity of Hell's Half Mile h contrasts were possible even ten officen years ago. The untained y lay at the doors of the most

Newmark, reappearing one Sunday afternoon at the end of the two weeks,

By

was apparently bothered. He examined the Orde place for some moments, walked on beyond it. Finding nothing there, he returned and after some hes fration turned in up the tar sidewalk and pulled at the old fashioned wire bell pull. Grandma Orde herself answered the door.

Newmark took off his gray felt hat. "Will you kindly tell me where Mr. Orde lives?"

"This is Mr. Orde's," replied the little old lady.

"Pardon me." persisted Newmark. "I am looking for Mr. Jack Orde. I

am sorry to have troubled you."
"Mr. Jack Orde lives here," returned Grandma Orde, "He is my son. Would you like to see him?"

"If you please," assented Newmark gravely, his thin, shrewd face masking itself with its usual expression of quizzical cynicism.

Newmark entered the cool, dusky interior and was shown to the left into a dim. long room. He perched on a ma bogany chair and bad time to notice a bookense with a while owl stop, an old piano with the yellowing keys, baircloth sofn and chairs, steel engravings and two oil portraits when Orde ap-

Newmark had known Orde only as riverman. Like most easterners, be was unable to imagine a man in rough clothes as being anything but a rough man. The figure he saw before him was correctly dressed in what was then the proper Sunday costume.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Newmark!" cried Orde. "I'm glad to see you." He led the way into the ball and to another brighter room, to which Grandma Orde sat, a canary singing above ber

"Mother," said Orde, "this is Mr. Newmark, who was with us on the drive this spring."

"Mr. Newmark and I spoke at the door," said she, extending her frail



the drive. Mr. Newmark, you must have been one of the high privates in this dreadful wir we all rend about." Newmark laughed. At Orde's suggestion the two passed back into the mains of the old orchard.

"Where have you been for the last ouple of weeks," asked Orde. "
"I caught Johnson's drive and went

on down river with him to the lake. I do not like the life at all, but the drive inferested me. It interested me so much that I've come back to talk to you about it. I'm going to ask you a few questions about yourself." "Oh. I'm not bashful about my ca-

er?" laughed Orde. "How old are you?" inquired Newmark abruptly.

"Thirty." "How long have you been log driv-

"About six years." "Why did you go into it?"

"Because there's nothing ahead of shoveflug but dirt," Orde replied, with quaint grin

"I see," said Newmark after a pause Then you think there's more future to that sort of thing than the sort of thing the rest of your friends go in for-law and wholesale groceries and banking and the rest of it?"

"There is for me," replied Orde sim-

"Yet you're merely river driving on a salary at thirty." Orde flushed slowly and shifted his

"I'm not asking all this out of idle curiosity. I've got a scheme in my head that I think may work out big for us both."

"Well," assented Orde reservedly, "in that case—I'm foreman on this drive ecause my outlit went kerplunk two years ago, and I'm making a fresh go

"Failed?" inquired Newmark. "Partner skednddled." replied Orde. 'Now, suppose you tell me what the devil you're driving at."

"Look here," said Newmark, abrupt ly changing the subject, "you know that rapids up river flanked by shallows, where the logs are always going

"Well, why wouldn't it help to put a string of piers down both sides, with oms between them to hold the logs in the deeper water?"
"It would," said Orde.

"Why isn't it done, then?" "Who would do it?" countered Orde If Daly did it, for instance, then all

the rest of the drivers would get the advantage of it for nothing." "Get them to pay their share." Orde grinned. "I'd like to see you

get any three men to agree to anything on this river." "How many firms drive logs on this Ten." replied Orde without heslta-

"How many do they employ?"

"About 500 men."
"Now. suppose" - Newmark leaned orward-"suppose a firm should be nized to drive all the logs on the river. Suppose it improved the river

with piers and dams, so that the driving would be easter. Couldn't it drive with less than 500 men and save mon-

"It might," agreed Orde. "If such a firm should be organized to drive the logs for these ten firms at so much a thousand, do you suppose it would get the business?"

"It would depend on the driving firm," said Orde. "You see, mill men have got to have their logs. They can't afford to take chances. It would not pay."

"Then that's all right," agreed Newmark, with a gleam of satisfaction across his thin face. "Would you form a partnership with me having such an object in view?" Orde laughed.

"I guess you don't realize the situation," said he. "We'd have to have a few little things like distributing booms and tugs and a lot of tools and supplies and works of various kinds." "Well, we'd get them."

"How much are you worth?" Orde inquired bluntly. "Twenty thousand dollars. How

much capital would we have to have? asked Newmark. Orde thought for several minutes.

'We would need somewhere near \$75,000," he estimated at last. "That's easy," cried Newmark.

We'll make a stock company-say 100,000 shares. We'll keep just enough between us to control the companysay 51,000. I'll put in my pile, and you can pay for yours out of the earnings of the company." "That doesn't sound fair."

"You pay interest," explained New-"Then we'll sell the rest of the stock to raise the rest of the money."

"I must have something to live on." said Orde thoughtfully at last.
"So must I." spid Newmark. "We'll have to pay ourselves salaries, of course, but the smaller the better at first. You'll have to take charge of the men and the work and all the rest of it. I don't know anything about that, I'll attend to the incorporating and the routine, and I'll try to place the stock. You'll have to see first of all whether you can get contracts from the logging firms to drive the logs?" "How can I tell what to charge

"We'll have to figure that very closely. You know where these different drives would start from and how long each of them would take?"

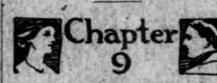
"Well, then we'll figure how many days' driving there is for each, and how many men there are, and what it costs for wages, grub, tools. We'll just have to figure as near as we can to the actual cost and then add a margin for profit and for interest on our invest-

Newmark looked puzzled and as be arose glanced surreptitionsly at his watch. Orde seemed to take the summore as one to be expected, however In fact, the strange hour was the usual Sunday custom in the Redding of that day and had to do with the late church freedom of Amanda and

"Come in and eat with us," invited

But Newmark declined. "Come up tomorrow night, then, at half past 6 for supper." Orde urged him. "We can figure on these things





THINK I'll go see Jane Hubbard this evening." Orde remarked to his mother as he arose from the

Every Sunday Jane Hubbard offered to all who came a "Sunday night lunch," and the refreshments were served by the guests themselves. Orde found about the usual crowd gathered. Jane berself, tall, deliberate in movement and in speech, kindly and thoughtful, talked in a corner with Ernest Colburn, who was just ter behind a jam, haven't you? Water out of college and who worked in a bank. Orde, standing in the doorway, looked upon quite the usual thing, hind a jam it just rips things. Oh. only be missed the Incubus. Searching the room with his eyes, he at know what it means. She couldn't unlength discovered that incoherent, des-derstand."
iccated, but persistent youth vis-a-vis' "I think with a stranger. Orde made out the white of her gown in the shadows, the willowy outline of her small and slender figure and the gracious forward bend of her head.

"So you're back at last, are you,

Orde bowed ceremoniously. The girl inclined gracefully her small head with the glossy hair. The incubus, his sallow face twisted in a wry smile, held to the edge of his chair with characteristic pertinacity. .

"Well, Walter," Orde addressed him genially, "are you having a good

"Yes, indeed!" His chair was planted squarely to exclude all others. Orde surveyed the situation with good humor.

"Going to keep the other fellow from getting a chance, I see."
"Yes, indeed!" Orde bent over and, with great ease, lifted Incubus, chair and all, and set him facing Mignonne Smith and the

croquet ball, # "Here. Mignonne." said he, "I've brought you another assistant." He returned to the lamp to find the girl, her dark eyes alight with amuse-

ment, watching him intently. "Walter is a very bright man in his own line," said Orde, swinging for-ward a chair, "but he mustn't be allowed any to-populies."

"How do you know I want him so ummarily removed?" the girl asked

"We'l," argued Orde, "I got him to say all he ever says to any girl, "Yes indeed!' so you couldn't have any more conversation from him. Besides, I want to talk to you myself."

"Do you always get what you want?" quired the girl

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RESIGN

(Special from United Press.)

rvice officers was rushed to Ahmeda

a determined assailant.

The attack on the Mintos has revived the ever-present fear of an indian uprising against British rule which has gathered strength for the past year. Similar attempts have been made in the past against Lord Kitchener. Sir Andrew Frazer Lieutenant.

ener, Sir Andrew Frazer, Lieutenant Governor Bengal and numerous other officials. Last February at Barrack-

pore near here a bomb was thrown at a train in which Lord Minto was thought to be passenger. The viceroy however had taken another train.

Mrs. Louie Hite. 428 Outlen St. Dan-ville, Ill., writes. October lat: "Foley's Kidney Pills started me on the road to health. I was treated by four doctors and took other kidney remedies but gree worse, and was unable to do my housework, and the doctor told me I only could live from two to six months. I am now so much better that I do all my own work, and I shall be very glad to tell any one afflicted with kidney or bladder trouble the good results I re-ceived from taking Foley's Kidney Pills," Commence to-day and be well. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes. F. B. Brill and Curtis Phar-many, local agents.

SHE PREFERS JAIL

(Special from United Press.)
Bristol, Eng., Nov. 15.—Refusing to enter a recognizance to keep the peace Theresa Gannett, the militant suffrage ette who on Saturday attacked Win ston Spencer Churchill, president of the London Board of Trade, at the rail

way station here and attempted to horsewhip him, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment in Bristol jail. As she was led away from the court-

London, Nov. 15.—A general cam-paign by the suffragettes of demon-strations similar to Saturday's attack on Winston Spencer Churchili, presi-dent of the London Board of Trade at

dent of the London Business Garnett struck the cabinet minister with a rawhide whip, was indicated by Christabel Pankhurst, the suffragette leader to-

day in discussing the Churchill inci-

said Mjss Pankhurst. "was not an isolated outbreak or the work of an irresponsible woman. It was an official act of the organized suffragettes and was seriously planned. There will be similar demonstrations in the near fu-

tears the Ignature of the Kind von Have Aiways Bough

ture just as carefully planned."

"The attack on Minister Churchilf,"

m she shouted:

TO HER RELEASE

cutta. Nov. 15 .- A detail of secre

"Any one can get anything he wants if only he wants it bad enough." he LORD MINTO TO

"Some people," she amended. "How-ever, I forgive you. I will even fat-ter you by saying I am glad you came. You look to have reached the age of iscretion. I venture to say that th boys' idea of a lively evening is to throw bread about the table." Orde flushed a little. The last the

DIAMONDS

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Bon Bon dishes,

he lind supped at Jane Hubbard's that was exactly what they did do. "They are young, of course," he said, and you and I are very old and wise." "Now, tell me, what do you do?"
"What do I do?" asked Orde, pus-

"Yes. Everybody does something ut west here."

service officers was rushed to Ahmedabad today to take up the search for the man who yesterday threw two bombs at the carriage in which Lord Minto, viceroy of India, and Lady Minto were driving through the streets. The officials at Ahmedabad have found two persons who saw the bomb thrower and every effort will be made to apprehend the man and to learn whether any native organization was behind the attempt.

Lady Minto is prostrated today as the result of the bomb throwing and the viceroy is thinking seriously of tendering his resignation shortly for the sake of his wife. He realizes that in India no amount of precautionary measures can insure protection against a determined assailant.

The attack on the Mintos has re-"I'm a river driver just now." "A river driver?" she repeated. "Why, I've just been hearing a great ical about you from Mrs. Baggs. "Oh!" said Orde. "Then you know what a drunken, swearing, worthless

ot of toughs we are, don't you?" "There is Hell's Half Mile," she re-

" said Orde bitterly. "there's "Oh, yes," said Orde bitterly, "there's Heil's Haif Mile! Whose-fault is that? My rivermen's-my boys? Look here! I suppose you couldn't understand it if you tried a month. But suppose you were working out in the woods nine months of the year. Suppose you slept in rough blankets on the ground or in bunks, are rough food, never saw a woman or a book, undertook work to scare your city men up a tree, risked your life a dozen times a week in a tangle of logs, with the big river roaring behind just walting to swallow you; saw nothing but woeds and river, were cold and hungry and wet and so tired you couldn't wigele. And then suppose you hit town, where there were all the things you hadn't had. and the first thing you struck was Hell's Half Mile, Say, you've seen wapower's a good thing in a raill course. where it has wheels to turn; but be what's the use talking? A girl doesn't

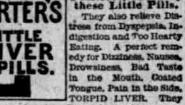
"I think I begin to understand a lit tle," said she softly. "But they are a heartless class in spite of all their courage, aren't they?"

"Heartless!" exploded Orde. "There's no kinder lot of men on earth. There isn't a man on that river who doesn't Jack?" drawled Jane in her lazy, good | chip in five or ten dollars when a man natured way. "Come and meet Miss is hurt or killed, and that means three Carroll, I want to present Mr. or four days' hard work for him. And he may not know or like the injured man at all. Why"-

room she shouted:
"All of the men in the present cabinet will receive similar treatment at the hands of the suffragettes."
Minister Churchill preferred not to appear against the suffragettes and the magistrate offered to release her if she would regard a recognizance to keep the peace. She preferred to go to fail. "What's all the excitement?" drawled Jane Hubbard behind them. "Can't you make it a to be continued in our next? We're most starved." To be Continued.)

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